

(Continued.) After the unmerciful banter which ind annually followed this episode iome guides would have bastened to thange the name.

Billy clung to it stubbornly. He slung to his opinions stubbornly, his weather prognostications, his lore con-

He erred sometimes because he was human, but the saying went that when couldn't drop his mudhook over a school of bass it was time to pack up

"Well, send Lester over to the hotel after dinner tonight. He'll find me in the billiard room. I've got some let-ters to write before lunch. And maybe I'll find some mail."

"All right. I'll see t' Lebter." "And tomerrow I'll go out to Pidgin and book 'em right from under your old mud scow."

"Uh-huh! I've beard 'em say that before. I'm tellin' you she can fish. An' I don't know 's I want t' fish you Cranford filled his pockets with ap-

"Till tell you what I'll do. I'll bet a box of any cigars in the village that I

beat you out tomorrow.' "Fifty cigars against fifty apples 'n' I'll go you.

"Ten cent straights?" "Two for a quarter if you like. Byby! It was good to see you again, Billy. By the way, has any one caught a four and a hair pounder over in the gut at Horseshoe?

'Not that I've heard tell of. Oh, y needn't worry. That ol' sogger's nosin' around there yet. That's whut comes tryin' them newfangled hooks. He'll go five now 'f some blame pamprey gel ain't et him ap sidewise. But I'm gavin' him fer Miss Wynne."

"That's right; spring one o' them foreign words on me so 's I can't talk

Cranford stepped outside into the The sky promised no letup. There wasn't a break anywhere, but these sudden squalls of wind and sting-ing sheets of min he read sattorwise. Before sundown the storm would be

Where had the girl picked up such ore? Born at sea, so she had said. Perhaps a sailor's daughter. But in that case fresh water would not appeal to her. And where had she learned to fish for bass? Wisconsin, Maine,

The son wester, the dripping rain coat, the souked shoes, were as vivid to his understanding as written words, Here was a girl out of the ordinary, brave and resourceful, perhaps companionable, an essential lacking in nine-tenths of the women he knew.

It was a good name, but he could not recollect having heard it episodically. Some millionaire's daughter, probably, who did not depend upon others for her amusements. The world was changing its habits fast.

Women carried banners through the streets, rode airships, successfully can tered in and out of the stock market along with their biscuit making. So long as the biscuit remained light and edible what mattered the ballot? A telegram awaited Cranford at the

It was from Warren, in the code on which they had long since agreed. The reading of it did not cause Cran-

ford any pleasurable emotion. It announced that his rooms had been entered and papers scattered about.

Much good that would do them:

Still he wired back. "See if smull co notebook is in secret drawer at side of my shaving dresser." Not one chance in a million of their stumbling upon thuc drawer.

And yet he was not dealing with ordinary men.

There were other Empire shaving dressers. The little worry grew as the hours went by. If that notebook was gone, gone likewise would be his occupation, for within its covers was the whole story, from the first to the last

had made him wary. He cared nothing for threats or physical encounters, and doubtless they knew this. To speak in the vern clar, they were after him where he red.

Once his occupation became known They sent their wives elsewhere.

onblicly goodby to many things. No Cranford sat down to dinner with publicly goodby to many things. No money in the world would make up for what he would lose. He knew his kind to be retired business men who fished tolerably well. They would quietly request him to resign from his clubs, and presently door after door would or to the Pacific for yellovaties

close in his face. If he stood out in the open as u hunter of great crir bals, a detective. been exceptionally good, but that out he would be lauded for his work, writ- at South bar and Charity shoals the ten up in the magazines, celebrated. sport had been the worst in years. But deep in the heart of every trave; eler there abides a smoldering fire, low yet ugly, against all customs-its

agents especially, here or abroad. This rebellion is as old as man. He hates to pay tribute, justly or un-

He was that, no more, no less. And he faced outlawry because he wanted money, ease, pleasure, idleness, Not one extenuating circumstance; it was the blood of his grandfather crying out in him. For years a clique of men had

en smuggling successfully. They had brought fato the country three or four millions in rare gems. The federal authorities had spent thou sands trying to find out who these men were and how they worked. Cran-ford's discovery of three of them and the manner in which they worked had

been the result of an accident. One men purchased the gems, an-

omer man carried them to the boat. while a third did the actual smuggling. Sales of gems would be reported, the original purchaser followed and watch-

ed, and that would be the last of it. The actual smuggler Cranford laid by the heels. The other two he could not touch, as they continued to live in Paris; but he had spoiled their usefulness. From this incident he learned that they always worked in threes. The chief of this clever, resolute band laid his plans, and three unknown men proceeded to execute them.

The breaking up of this trio warned the chief that the first wedge of the secret service had been driven home. If the quarry remained surrounded

by mystery, the hunter was no less intrenched. They were reaching out in the dark for each other when Smead's accident happened.

Mere guesswork had brought about the discovery of the hollow crutches. Item, Smead was doubtless the arch smuggler. But on his side he knew who had tripped him up. Smead could, still plan, but Cranford would have to carry on the work against men wholly unknown to him. In other words, chance only would lead him from trio

Coincidents: Cranford's appearance in the jewel shop in the Rue de la Paix; his careless inquirles of the jew-

Oh, yes, the young gentleman was a first class customer; bought numerous jewels for the ladies of the opera, as their agent, however.

He was a Frenchman. Immediately Cranford had lost interest. But while having tea at the Cafe de la Paix, an hour later, he had seen the young Frenchman again in conversation with an American. The jewel case changed hands.

Still be had no definite suspicions and the whole matter passed from his mind. Two days later he ran down to Cherbourg to bid some friends bon voyage. The American he had seen in the Cafe de la Paix was handing a package to another compatriot.

The latter sailed. it was one of those inexplicable fancles, but he surrendered to it; cabled the port of New York to be on the lookout for a portly, smooth faced man with a patch of white hair in the back of his head; to search for a necklace A chance shot in the dark bit the

bullseye. The unknown upon arriving in New York was held up and the gems confiscated. And now they were after him.

With the notebook in their posses sion his days of usefulness would be at an end, a general apocalypse.



The Jewel Case Changed Hands.

At 5 o'clock the rain ceased. The gale was by now brawling somewhere off the banks. The river was no longer crested.

Exploit, together with his posits.

Herstofore he had carried it on his sullen big freighters were drawing out person, but the mysterious riding of from the breakwater in the basin back his luggage in the stateroom crossin; of the hotel. A gorgeous sunset finished the day, warm and promising

good weather. The hotel was almost deserted. It was not a summer resort. Those who sought its charms were fishermen.

four other men, two of whom he knew these waters from July to October and then hied away to Miamt for tarpon

Reminiscences passed back and forth. Cranford learned that the season had

For some reason or other the bass had turned those places over to the bane of the sportsman, old goggle eye. piscatorially known as the rock bass. Button bay, over the river, had proved a find. One of the gentlemen had caught a four pounder at Horning dock. Bait had been lively, and there had been plenty of it despite the usual

August blow Cranford could not remember when he had passed a more agreeable hour. The other two gentlemen were from down the state.

They told how they split up a month's vacation into four weeks-one in June, one in July, one in August and one in September, which, if the weather behaved itself, was the finest time of the year to Esh.

All agreed upon this boint. The small fry had by then taken themselves off; the big chaps began to bite, and they fought like demons.

CHAPTER V. A Mysterious Motorboat. T the clerk's desk Cranford found a telegram.

The little morocco notebook had been safely deposited in his safety deposit box at the bank. He Lewis Hoyt of Long Hill. was advised to fish without worry. He strolled out to that end of the veranda where the guides foregathered. He knew them all, from the clean,

Presently he saw Lester coming up the steps. This young guide never came to the

lute and improvident.

self respecting man down to the disso-

hotel except on business. He was quiet, educated, a born naturalist; he could "see" bass in the water, as the saying

He was heartily envied by the majority of the guldes because he rowed for one man and had done so for seven years, from June 17 to September.

He had a small boat, easy to handle, and, being a natural mechanic, never tinkered with his two cylinder engine; traveled eight miles an hour, with never a giance at the spark plugs, which to date no machine shop could turn out to satisfy Uncle Billy.

"Where would you like to fish, sir, tomorrow?"

"We might try Pidgin." The guide smiled. "They're biting fast at Bell's and around Horseshoe." "We'll try those in the afternoon." "Lunch or shore dinner?"

"Rather believe I'd like a whack at "All right, sir. I'll be at the dock at Lester touched his hat and

went down the steps. Cranford went up to his room and began to straighten out his tackle. He whistled and hummed at the work-

Meantime a man arrived on the last He registered, ate a late dinner, idled about the desk and carelessly ran over the names of the guests. He then inquired the way to the telegraph office.

Later the clerk asked him if he desired a guide. "No, I'm leaving for Kingston in the morning. If you will give me my key I'll turn in at once. The boat leaves

"We'll call you, sir." "Thanks, replied the stranger, who Guard, was organized at Huntington. was tall, thickset, gray haired, ruddy

faced, with an air of prosperity. Cranford eyed the two rods affection-

Old rods, old tackle, the very leader he had fished with that last day over at Horseshoe when the big fellow got away just as Uncle Billy was passing A flawed hook had done the trick. In

another corner of the room stood \$50 worth of new tackle, glaringly new. He might not use one of them during the month, and again they might be called into active service before the week was up. The sou'wester, the dripping raincoat, the oozing shoes, the strong white teeth burying themselves in the cheek

of the rosy apple. Wynne-Diana Wynne it ought to be-Diana shut out forever from the Olympian heights, made mortal, thereby attainable. Had he met her in the hose parlor she would have stirred only a passing admiration, but she had come from

the heart of the storm, bringing with her a gust of heady ozone "I love it out at Pidgin. It is wild and free there. I was born at sea.' He laughed a little and whipped the

He must not permit any such nonsense to enter his head, only-The next morning the late arrival of the night before changed his plans, He told the clerk that he would return at noon to Ogdensburg instead of

crossing to Kingston: At breakfast he watched Cranford stealthily. When he saw him shoulder his rods and go whistling down toward the dock he went up to his room, quietly opened the window and slipped out on to the veranda. Nonchalantly he approached Cranford's window and, finding it open, stepped inside the room. He pansed to listen, tried the door

gently and found it locked. He smiled, Deftly and quickly he searched through the clothes in the closet,

What a fair world it was-cloudles rain washed, vistaed! Long island stood out against the pale sky of early morning, crisp, mar-

velously distinct. You could see the cracks in the rotting ledges, the sun lances breaking against the sharp angles of rosy granite, the delicate lacing of pine and ma-As for the water, it was flat and

burnished as Cleopatra's mirror. Far, far above him Cranford espied a motionless speck, an eagle, and here and there the silly gulls rode and bobbed upon the river's placid bosom, as unlovely at close view as decoy ducks, but of beauty unutterable when flying

in the face of a gale. Even the midges, doubtless born that sunrise, interested him. He settled back in his comfortable chair seat, pulled his gray felt hat down over his eyes and drew contentedly at his pipe. He was very near to happiness, as near as he had any right to expect Old shoes, run down at the heel; hopeless trousers, a coat which would have shocked the rarely shockable Warren and a gray flannel shirt.

The coat he had left with Uncle Billy two years before, and he was wearing it for luck. The comfort of it! Not another stiff collar for thirty days, excepting Sundays, when he intended to louf or take long walks into the country. Besides, to skip a day added

gest to the next day's sport. Lester sat on a little oaken, boxlike cover which protected the engine on windy days from the vigorous on slaughts of the waves. (To Be Continued.)

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## Tashua and Long Hill

A little sor has arrived Nov. 1, to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs Edward Cotter of Tashua. Mrs. Carleton Paddock of Stepney has recently visited her mother, Mrs.

The perfect attendance of the Up-per Long Hill school for October with teacher Miss Loretta Tierney is credited to the following: William Brooks, Lewis Snelder, Frank Smith, John Smith, Joseph McQuinn, Richard Gabler, Dorls Partington, August Smith, Ethel Kellogg, John McQuinn, Thomas Partington, George Smith Wedge.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Swezey of Bridgeport were week end guests of Mrs. Charles Swezev. Supevisor D. Albert Green was a visitor at the local school, Wednes-

Eva Hurd, who has been visiting his son, Clarence Hurd of Simsbury, Conn., returned to his home in

The funeral of Freeman H. East-man of Long Hill took place at the home of his son, Leslie Eastman, at 2:30, Monday. Rev. George M. Brown of Bridgeport, officiated. The pallbearers were Stuart Goodnow, George Goodnow, Floyd and Frank Fox. There were many beautiful floral tributes. The burial was in Mountain Grove cemetery, where a committal ervice was read by Mr. Brown, Friends in this vicinity will be in-terested to learn of the birth of a daughter, born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winkler of West Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Winkler was Miss Annie Helmrich of Tashua, before her marriage.

William Fuller is recovering from an attack of illness Charles Kaechele is building an addition on his barn.

Walter Le Vasseur of Bridgeport, was a Thursday guest of Mr. and Mrs num Ave. Samuel G. Seeley of Tashua. DOOR CUT HEAD.

George Moore, age 27, of 6 North

Washington avenue, received a pain-ful laceration in the back of his head when the swinging doors at the entrance to a local drygoods store struck him in the head. Two stitches closed the wound.

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through the luggage. Nothing escaped his marvelous fingers, and when he stood up it would have taken an eye more than mortal to have discovered anything amiss.

Again he listened.

After a minute or so he went out of the window and walked leisurely around to the north side. He was just in time to see Cranford's boat sweep out of the basin, with a twist or two of blue vapor trailing in its wake.

What a fair world it was—cloudless, September 22, 1915

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